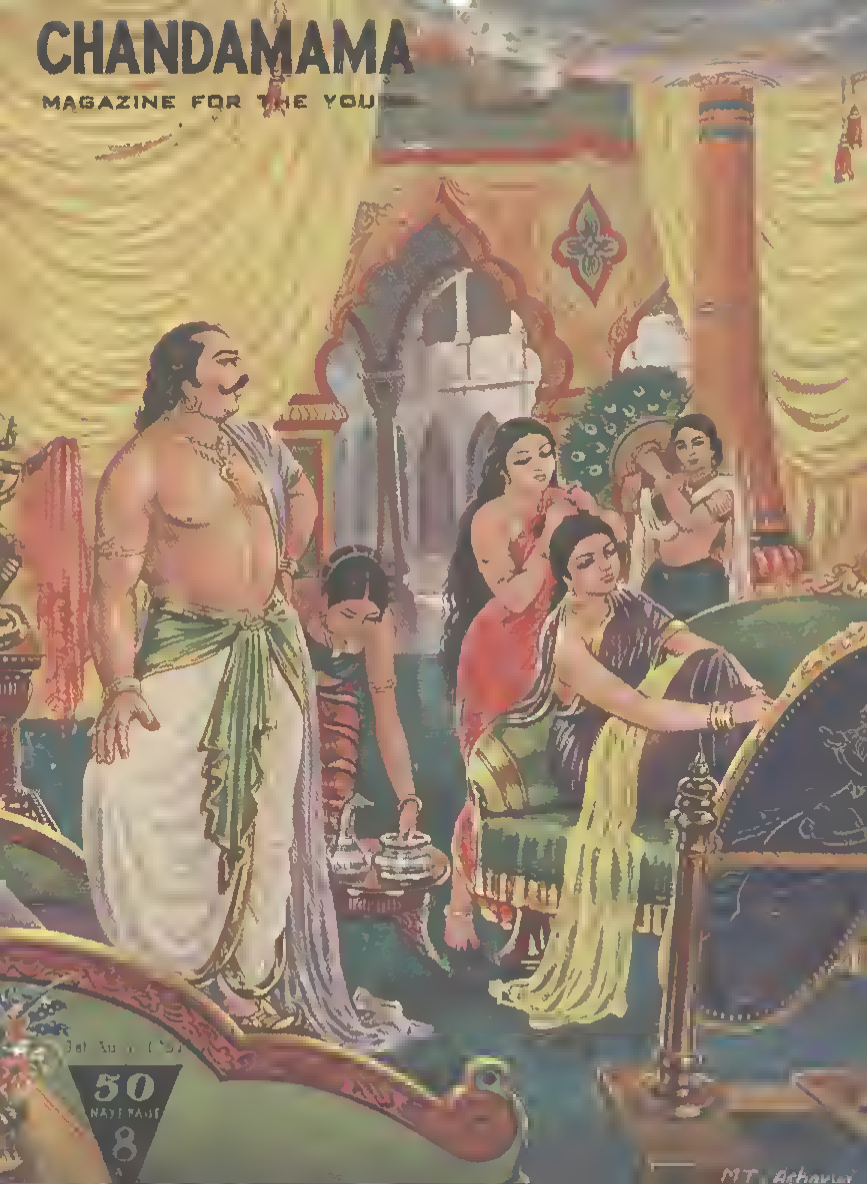
CHANDAMAMA

MAGAZINE FOR THE YOU



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M.T. Acharyulu

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Winning Caption

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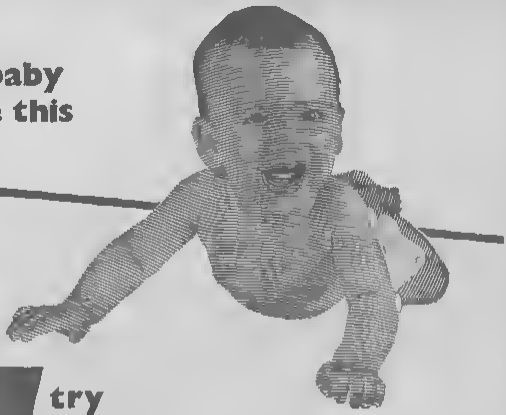

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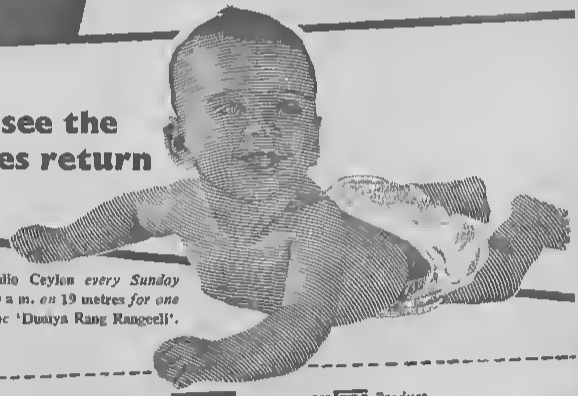

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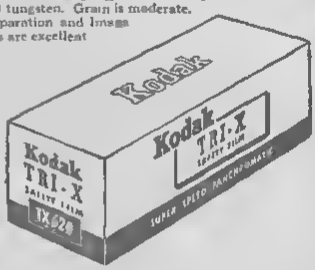

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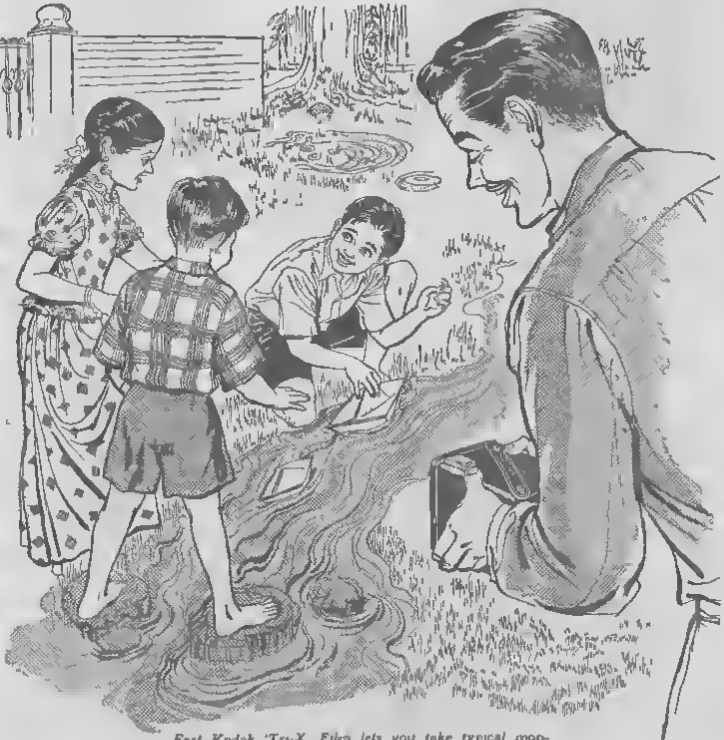

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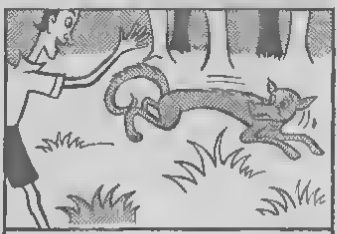
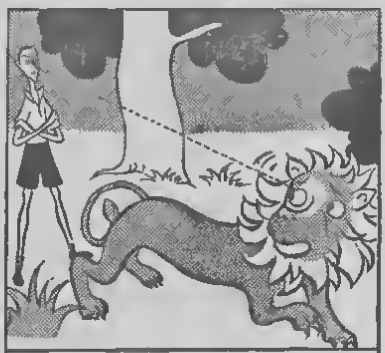
BRAVE MUNNU AND BOASTFUL CHUNNU

One day, Munnu, I walked deep, very deep into the jungle...



There, I saw a fox... I merely raised my hand—and he ran away like a mouse!

And then along came a fierce lion!



But I wasn't afraid, not !! I stared right into his eyes, and the lion vanished as if he had never been there!

IIVM 208A 19

WHILE CHUNNU WAS BOASTING, A DOG APPEARED CHUNNU HASTILY CLIMBED UP A TREE
Don't be afraid, Chunnu! This is only Motee—my dog!
I wasn't afraid, honest I wasn't.
So, you are honest too, are you? Why a coward and a weakling like you couldn't kill a fly!
Think so? Come, I'll challenge you to a race and beat you every time.
CHUNNU AND MUNNU HAD NOT RUN VERY FAR BEFORE CHUNNU WAS PANTING FOR BREATH
Look here, Chunnu, if you really wish to be strong like me, then you must eat food cooked in Dalda and take milk every day too. Understand?
DALDA CONTAINS VITAMINS A AND D WHICH ARE NECESSARY FOR CHILDREN'S HEALTHY GROWTH. THEY ALSO STRENGTHEN THEIR TEETH AND BONES. COOK ALL YOUR FOOD WITH DALDA VANASPATI FOR GREATER NOURISHMENT
LOOK FOR THE PALM TREE ON THE DALDA TIN BEFORE YOU BUY IT
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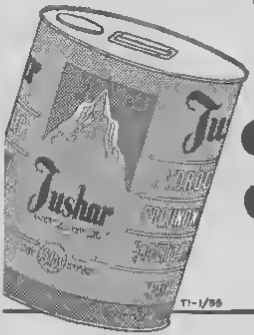

Tushar

IS VITAMINISED VANASPATI

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Our Pilgrimage

I am Rajan, son of Rai Saheb Kailashanath Mehra, who belongs to a rich and aristocratic family. I, being his only son, was brought up with affection and all material comforts. On account of my mother's excessive affection, and with a number of servants to attend on me I got fed-up. I craved to play, laugh and jump with my school mates, Nandn, Mohmud, John, Trilochan and Chatpat. But my father never allowed me to mingle with my friends, for he thought that I would be spoiled in their association. I never felt like that as my friends were honest and obedient and they never neglected their studies.

We all boys had formed an organisation called 'BAL MANDAL.' Once during our vacation we chalked out a programme for an excursion to some places of interest, which was not only educative but also entertaining.

I rushed to my mother, told her about our proposed excursion and begged her permission. Although my father refused, my mother consented because of her love and affection for me; and agreed to send me on one condition—that I should take our servant Damu with me.

Well, we started on our excursion by a bus. Chatpat who was the youngest whispered something into the ears of the driver. The driver at once announced that the car would not start and needed a push. The boys and Damu with his eyes

closed hegan to push the hus. All of ns got into the hus one hy one and Damu was left hehind. We were very much pleased and singing we reached our first destination, a Dak Bungalow, where we had planned to stay.

Rehman Chacha, the keeper of the Dak Bungalow received us very kindly and he felt very happy to have us with him. Damn again made his unwanted appearance at the Dak Bungalow. I thought that my father must have sent him to get me hack. When Rehman Chacha learnt this, he cleverly managed to see Damn return.

We resumed onr journey and reached Haripur. There the condition of the local school was very had. We planned to stage a drama to collect funds for the re-construction of the school. Our Drama, "The Animal Show," was very much appreciated hy the villagers.

We left Haripur for another village where the servant of the Village Patel arrived and asked for me. I stepped forward hut to my surprise Nandn pushed me back and advancing towards the servant said 'I am Rajan, take me to Patel's house.

Nandu was taken away hy the servant and was locked up in the house of the Patel. We all went to Patel's house and told him that we were all Rajans. The Patel was helpless and locked all of us inside. Then we had to think of a plan to get out of the house. Somehody suggested 'If we go through the roof'? In the next hour we were all free.

We reached Sitapnr where we had planned to see the Dam, which was worth seeing. We organised an exhihition in that village and sung songs that inspired the villagers.

Our pilgrimage came to an end. We returned home. Soon after my entry into the house my father declared that I would not he allowed to attend the school. In order to

educate me at home privately my father advertised for teachers in the newspapers. The job of selecting a teacher was given to Mirza. I also sat with Mirza. A teacher came in, dressed in chudidar pyjama and shervani and with spectacles—he gave out his name as Mirza Sulaiman and winked at me. I was flabbergasted to see him because he was my friend Mohmud in disguise. He had two more teachers with him and they were also my friends, John and Trilochan in disguise. I took them to my room. My friends told me that they were going to stage a drama named "We are Children of the world" and the job of directing the whole drama was assigned to me. How could I do this? I was in prison! When we were talking about so many things, I heard mother calling me. Happily I went and told her everything, because I could not hide anything from her. Then my father arrived there unnoticed by me. In anger he walked towards the room and I saw Mohmud. Trilochan and John run out of the room.

In the confusion that set in my friends forgot to take with them the drama book. Next day, when I was reading in my room I saw Chatpat entering through a window. He came to take the drama book. When we were talking I heard my father conversing with a new teacher. From the talk we were able to gather that my new teacher's only qualification was that he had been a Ring-master in a Circus. Then we heard the new teacher advancing towards my room. As soon as I saw the Ring-master, I jumped out of the window with the drama book. Chatpat was caught, but with his usual presence of mind he acted as Rajan, and I joined my friends for rehearsal.

Nandu did not like my absenting from home and putting Chatpat in my place. But I assured him that I would not neglect my studies. On the day of the drama Nandu was hoisting the flag and I was holding the ladder which bore Nandu.

John came and told me that my father had come there. I got stupified and my grip on the ladder was lost with the result Nandu fell down. At once we friends rnshed to the spot and picked up Nandu who had been severely wounded. I told Nandu that the drama would not be staged. Nandu said "No. If one soldier is wounded, the army never stops but marches forward." And Nandu asked me to take his place in the drama. The drama was staged well and it was applauded as a tremendous success. Immediately after the Drama we all took Nandu to his house. I was responsihle for Nandu's injury. That night I kept awake all through, and when Nandu got up and wanted to go to sell newspapers I could not hear it. At once I felt that it was my moral responsibility and I ran out of his house and started selling newspapers and gave the money earned to Nandu's mother.

But Nandu's mother said 'You have hurt your parents—and you should heg their pardon.' With tears in my eyes and heavy heart when I turned to go, I saw Father, Mother, Mirza and Damu at the door. My father embraced me and blessed Nandu. He presented us a hig huilding to accomodate our "Bal Mandal." My father had no complaint again either against me or my friends. That is the end of our pilgrimage.

But if you want to meet me and enjoy my story please see A. V. M.'S "HUM PANCHHI EK DAL KE". You will also meet my other friends, Chatpat, Nandu, Mohmud, John and Trilochan. Please do come with all your friends.

JAI HIND

Rajendranath Kailashanath Mehra

CHANDAMAMA

Controlling Editor : CHAKRAPANI

A man who is jealous behaves like a fool. He cannot properly assess his own worth nor that of others. Even when he is blessed with gifts beyond his deserts, he feels unhappy because he did not get more. He does not realise the processes that contribute to one's success. Because of his jealousy he becomes so degenerate that he runs the risk of losing what all he gained.

In "JEALOUSY" (Jataka Tale) Sakha is the man who suffers from jealousy. Though Nigrodha was his life-long companion, he fails to understand his superiority. He bears a grudge to Pothrika because he gave the fat of the cock to Nigrodha and enabled him to become King. But he fails to realise that Nigrodha had the lines of a ruler in his feet and was chosen King for that reason. He also forgets that he would not have been the Commander-in-Chief if Pothrika had not given him the breast of the cock. It is an irony of fate that, in the end, it is Pothrika that comes to his rescue when he is about to lose his status.

VOL. 5 AUGUST 1957 NO. 2

CHITRA

THE FRONT COVER

THE Pandavas and Droupadi effectively concealed themselves from the world for ten month's serving King Virata in various capacities, when a serious thing happened. Kichaka the mighty Commander-in-Chief of King Virata, and also the brother of Queen Sudheshna, set his lustful eye on Droupadi.

At once he fell in love with the uncommonly beautiful wife of the Pandavas. Seeing that she was only a menial, Kichaka unhesitatingly went up to her and asked her, ' Who may you be? I've never seen a more attractive woman in my life. I hate to see you a servant in this place. Come and live with me. You shall be the queen of my heart and all my other wives shall do homage to you! As for me, I shall be your eternal slave."

All this gallantry was wasted on Droupadi. "You have no right to accost me," she said. "If you have fallen in love with me, try to fall out of love at once. For I have five Gandharvas for my husbands and they will destroy you like a worm!"

The proud and mighty Kichaka was nettled at these words. "There is not one in all the worlds to destory me. I am guarding the Matsya Throne single-handed. Do marry me and make me happy!"

"Wretch that you are, there is an evil fate awaiting you," Droupadi said to him. "If your words should reach my husbands, you are a dead man! You may be a strong man but you are no stronger than a mouse to them."

Seeing that Droupadi was adamant, Kichaka sought the help of his sister. "O sister," he said, "I shall die if I cannot get your Sairandhri. Please turn her mind if you want to save me."

Queen Sudheshna tried her best to cure him of the infatuation, and failed. "Well," she said in the end, "keep some sweet wine in readiness and I shall send Sairandhri for it. See if you can pursuade her to requite your love. If you fail you will be facing the consequences." Overjoyed at this offer, Kichaka went home.

JEALOUSY

WHILE Brahma-datta was King in Banaras, there was a wealthy merchant in Raj-griha, who had a son. The son was married but his wife bore him no children.

So the merchant's family began to treat the girl with less and less respect. 'This woman is sterile," they said "She cannot bear any children and increase the family." The girl was sad when she overheard her in-laws talking in this manner. She announced to them that she was pregnant, in order to regain her prestige with them.

Then she asked her maid how a pregnant woman should behave, and began to crave for queer foods. She stuffed rags around her waist and presented herself as though a child were growing inside her. The merchant's people were deceived by such appearances and thought that the girl was really pregnant. They began to treat her with great respect.

After a few months the girl said to her husband, "Please send me to my people for the delivery of my child " The husband put her in a cart and gave her an escort of many servants and attendants.

On the way, one morning, she left the cart and went amidst the trees and bushes for her ablutions, when she saw under a tree an infant who had been but recently delivered. A caravan had passed that way earlier, and a poor woman who was travell-

ing with it had delivered the child there, and abandoned it because she was too poor to bring him up.

That infant was Bodhisatva.

The merchant's daughter-in-law was overjoyed at the sight of the radiant babe.

She called her maid and showed her the babe, and said, "I shall announce that this is my own child. You must support me by saying that you helped me with the delivery."

She then removed the rags from around her waist, took the infant in her arms and went back to the cart. Everyone in her retinue thought that the infant was her own.

Since there was no more need to continue the journey, the cart turned back and returned to the merchant's house in Raj-griha. The merchant and his people were very happy.

They named the child Nigrodha Kumar and brought him up with great affection.

On the same day Nigrodha was born, another merchant of Raj-griha had a son named Sakha Kumar, and a tailor had another called Pothrika. So the three boys were brought up together.

When they were old enough they went together to Taksha-sila and studied there, Nigrodha meeting all the expenses of Pothrika all the time they were there.

In due course the three boys completed their studies, bade good-bye to their teacher, and started on an educational tour

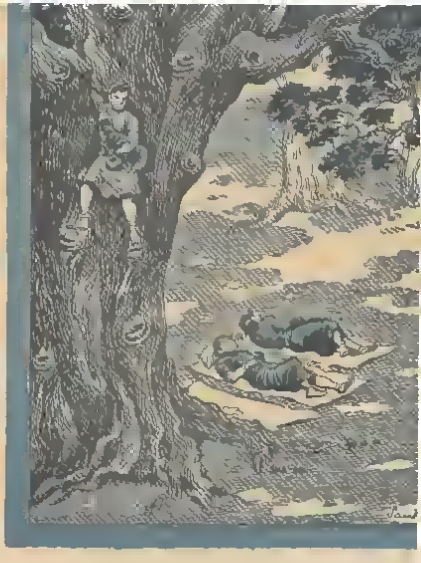
of the country. They walked from one place to another, till they reached the Kingdom of Banaras.

It fell dark before they could enter the city, and they slept under a tree near a temple which was outside the city.

Pothrika woke long before dawn and began to press the feet of Nigrodha who was still sleeping.

Then a strange thing happened. Two cocks sat on the branches of the tree under which the youths slept. The cock on the upper branch let its dropping on the one sitting on the lower branch, and the second cock began to rail at the first for its insolence, and said, "Know that I am no ordinary cock. He who eats me will gain ten thousand pieces. How dare you treat me as though I were an ordinary cock?"

"I am no ordinary cock either," replied the first cock which was sitting on the higher branch. "Know that he who eats my fat



will become King, the one who eats my breast will become Commander-in-Chief and he who eats the flesh on my bones will become Treasurer."

Pothrika who heard the above exchanges climbed up the tree, caught the cock on the upper branch, killed and cooked it. When the two others awoke, he gave the fat of the cock to Nigrodha, the breast to Sakha and ate the flesh on the bones himself.

Then he told them about the conversation of the cocks, and

said, "Now Nigrodha will he King and Sakha will be Commander-in-Chief, while I shall become Treasurer."

Then they entered the city of Banaras.

The King of Banaras had died a week earlier, leaving no heirs to the throne, and it had been announced that a new King would he chosen. The three youths were not aware of this. That noon they were the guests of a Brahman, went to the Royal Park, and lay down to rest under the shade of trees.

At that time the ceremonial chariot bearing the King's sword, shoes, diadem, unbrella and fan came there and stopped near the place where the three young men were lying.

The Purohit got down from the chariot, saw the sleeping youths, examined their feet and found the lines of a ruler on Nigrodha's feet. Then he ordered the gongs and cymbols to strike up.

Hearing the noise, the three youths woke up. Nigrodha saw a large crowd and understood

that he was elected King of Banaras. At once he appointed Sakha as his Commander-in-Chief.

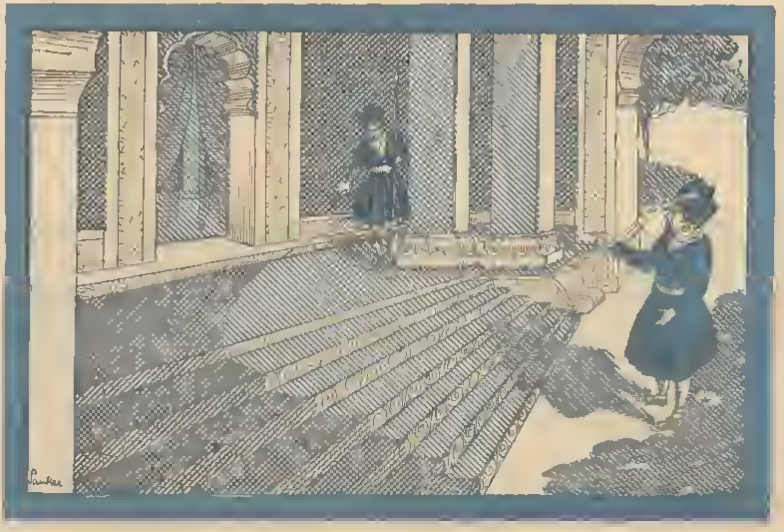
Soon after he became King, Nigrodha said to Sakha, "Since we have ohtained high positions here, it would he hetter for our parents to come and live with us. Go and fetch the parents of the three of us."

"I will not go," Sakha replied. "It is heneath my position to go on such errands."

So Nigrodha sent Pothrika instead. Pothrika journeyed to Raj-griha and invited the parents of the three youths to come and live in Banaras. But the old people refused, saying that they were quite happy and contented where they were.

Pothrika returned to Banaras and went to Sakha's house in order to have food and rest after his tiresome journey. He told the servants, "I am Sakha's friend. Inform him ahout my arrival."

When Sakha heard that Pothrika claimed to he his friend he was wild and ordered his servants



to beat Pothrika and throw him out.

For he had a grudge against Pothrika who had given the fat of the cock to Nigrodha in preference to himself and enahled him to become King.

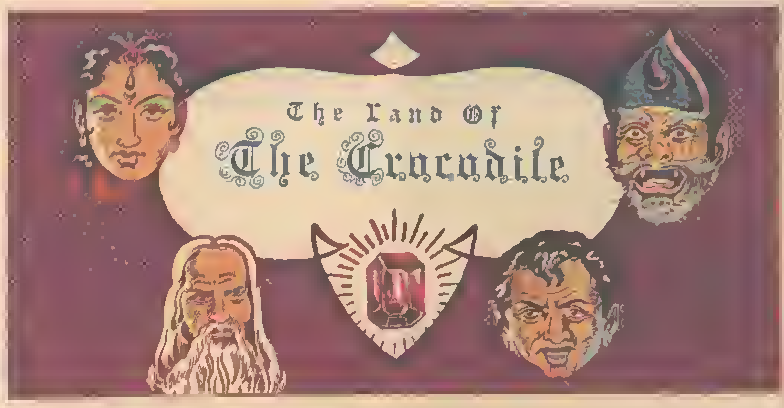
His servants beat Pothrika and sent him away.

After Pothrika's departure Sakha was afraid that Pothrika would go to the King and report against him. And he hastened to the King, hoping to prevent Pothrika hy his presence from complaining against him.

But Pothrika did go to the King and complain against Sakha's hehaviour, though Sakha was present. Nigrodha heard ahout Sakha's behaviour and became wild. "Pothrika is a selfless person," he said to Sakha. "Though you have never done him a good turn in all your life, he gave you the heart of the cock so that you could become Commander-in-Chief. Instead of heing grateful to him, you not only denied him as your friend hut also had him mercilessly beaten hy your servants. Such an ungrateful man does not deserve to he a Commander-in-Chief. I shall dismiss you."

"O my friend," Pothrika pleaded, "we have been friends since hirth. Let us put up with the shortcomings of one another. Leave him alone."

Nigrodha relented and let Sakha remain in his post. But he made Pothrika his Treasurer, a job that Pothrika was the first to hold and which had never existed before.



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[Samarsen led an army against the enemy who marched against the capital. Naravahana who was next to Samarsen in command, stepped into his shoes when Samarsen was mortally wounded, and proclaimed himself King of Kundalini. Siva-dutt who was in charge of the defence of the fort decided to leave the fort through the secret passage.]

"HAD you not made use of the secret passage before?" Mandara-deva asked Siva-dutt, in surprise.

"No," Siva-dutt replied and shook his head. "Somehow I never got the opportunity to acquaint myself with that passage. It was only now that I realised that it was not possible to enter it without torches. But my followers proved to be more practical, they improvised some torches and we had enough light to help us pass through.

"The torches dropped into the tunnel first and I followed them. The man who was to descend after me stopped and said, 'Hark, commander! They have broken down the door! You can hear their shouts!'

"'Close the trap-door behind you,' I said to him. 'Naravahana alone knows about the secret passage. The others know nothing about it. We may reach the other side before Naravahana arrives and comes after us.'

"We pushed on along the dark underground tunnel till I saw a chain hanging down before us. I looked up and saw that the chain was attached to a wooden plank above. When I pulled lightly on the chain, the plank moved a little and water came down hissing past it. Then I understood the purpose for which the chain was there.

"In case an enemy discovered the existence of the secret passage and followed those who were retreating, the latter could pull on the chain and flood the passage that led up to that point. For at this point there was a flight of steps and the rest of the tunnel was on a higher level.

"I wanted to ascertain if it was necessary to flood the passage for our safety. Sure enough the precaution was worth taking, for in the distance I saw points of light moving. Our flight was already discovered and the chase was on! I pulled on the chain with all my strength and the plank in the roof swung down with a tremendous crash. It covered the section of the tunnel neatly. I could hear the rush of the water behind the plank.

The tunnel was being filled up gradually.

"Now I had to reach my destination without the least delay. Naravahana was sure to rush his men to guard the other end of the secret passage which was in the forest. It was a race between us and Naravahana's men If we arrived first we would be safe. But if they arrived first, we would be trapped like mice in a cage!

"We were soon at the end of the secret passage which culminated in several flights of steps with landings in between. We climbed the last of these stairs and I listened at the rusty door which was arranged inside the hollow of a very huge and ancient tree.

"At first I could hear nothing. But as I put my hand to the rusted bolt, I heard the neighing of a horse, and then a conversation.

"'Nothing has happened yet,' said one. 'The door has not been opened.'

"'Fine!' said another. 'I guess those traitors were drowned in the water inside the tunnel.'

"Then there was silence. I was wondering what I should do, when I heard a gruff voice speak with authority, 'What are you fellows gabbing about? We must ascertain whether those traitors were drowned in the passage or whether they sneaked out before

we arrived. King Naravahana has promised me a state if I brought him Siva-dutt dead or alive.'

"'Sir,' asked two or three voices, 'what are your orders?'

"'Go into the tree,' said the gruff voice, 'and open the door. See if the tunnel behind it is flooded. If it is, it will be some time before we can find the dead bodies. If, on the other hand,...'

"The fierce roar of a lion cut him short. The roar was followed by growls. I guessed that more than one lion appeared in the vicinity of the tree and the men had moved off. Their shouts now came from far away.

"'I think there are lions near the tree. Let us go away!' said one of them.

"'No!' said the gruff voice. 'Let there be lions or elephants, you cannot go away. Finish your job first. Anyone who will show a faint heart will be dead, mind you!'

"But the wild beasts of the forest decided the issue for them.

I could hear the wild rush of the lions followed by the stamping and neighing of horses and the cries of soldiers. I thought it was the ideal moment to slip out of the secret passage For, once the wild beasts were disposed of, Naravahana's men were sure to lay siege to the tree.

"'Here is the chance,' I told my companions, 'for some of us at least to escape alive. Let us go out and see if our enemy have enough trouble with the wild beasts, in which case we can escape into the jungle. If not we shall join the wild creatures and fight them.'

"My men agreed to my suggestion. But I was conscious of the great responsibility which was upon me at such a critical juncture. For the future of all of us depended upon how I directed my men. And in a few minutes we would either be dead, or reach safety.

"Without any more hesitation I pulled the door open. The rusted hinges creaked as the door

swung out. I looked out and witnessed a fearful scene. Some half dozen lions of varying sizes were attacking the mounted soldiers who were about a score in number. Hampered by lack of space between the trees, the soldiers were unable to escape. Nor could they despatch the lions with their lances. Their leader was sitting comfortably on his horse in the distance. He kept exhorting his men, 'Courage, men! Kill the brutes! Destroy them!' Except for waving his sword, this man did nothing to overcome the lions. On the other hand he was pulling his horse back step by step, ready to bolt away in case of real danger.

"I made sure that neither Naravahana's soldiers nor their leader saw us emerge out of the secret passage. They were busy fighting for their own safety. We slipped behind bushes and managed to get to the rear of Naravahana's men. My intention was to attack them with my men from behind while they were menaced by the lions in their front.

"My men agreed with me that we could destroy the enemy by this stratagem. But one or two of my men thought that, after destroying the enemy, we would be facing the lions. But I told them that it made very little difference whether we died at the

hands of the soldiers or risked death through the lions.

"I yelled, 'Hail Samarsen!' and dashed out of the bushes. My men too uttered fearful cries as they rushed forth and fell upon the enemy like a pack of hungry wolves.

"Before the enemy knew what was happening, my sword chopped off the head of the leader, which rose in the air and fell in the bushes nearby. My men attacked the other soldiers. The clash between our parties was so fierce that the lions scattered, leaving two or three of their number which were mortally wounded by Naravahana's men.

"Our enemy were so taken unawares that we could despatch some of them without much effort. But soon they realised who we were and one of them rallied the survivors by shouting, 'It is that traitor, Siva-dutt! Kill him! His head is worth a crown!' Then he attacked us.

"This man exhibited such desperate courage that the others, who were about ten in number, picked up heart and followed his example. I am afraid some of my men were already overconfident of victory, and they went down before this wild attack. I chose the new leader as my victim. I powerfully struck the horse under this man with my sword, and it reared upon its hind legs, throwing the rider off its back. The next moment, the horse fell sideways over his rider." *(To be continued.)*

Shattered Hopes

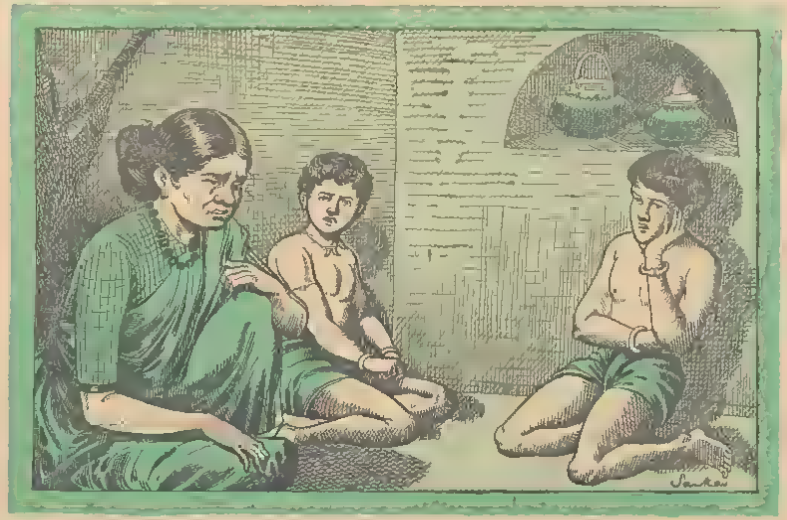
RESOLUTELY Vikram once again went back to the tree, took down the corpse, threw it across his shoulder, and began to walk in silence towards the burial-ground. "O King," said the Bethal of the corpse, "mere tenacity of purpose avails nothing unless it bears fruit. When it fails it can be quite disastrous in its effects, as it was in the case of Nanda, whose tale I shall now tell you," And he narrated the following tale:

On the West Coast there was a small fishing village consisting of some twenty households. In the middle of this village stood the temple of a goddess, who was said to aid the fishermen in their hunt and protect them

from the anger of the sea. She was the sole hope of the entire village.

The most experienced and capable of the fishermen was elected as the leader of the village. Those who were born in the village usually spent their life there, employing themselves in fishing. But now and then an enterprising young fellow would get a chance to become a sailor and go away across the seas. Most of those who became sailors got lost at sea sooner or later, and those who managed to survive amassed enough wealth to settle down in some city. In any case those who turned sailors were altogether lost to the village, and the elders never favoured the idea of their children becoming sailors.

Nanda was the second son of the leader of the village. He was only seven when his father died, hut his elder hrother Sunda was already old enough to fish independently, push his canoe over the sea, lay the net, repair it and so forth. He had learnt the art from his own father. But



Nanda, who had oot yet started learoiog the art, had to hecome ao apprentice under Renuka who was elected oew leader.

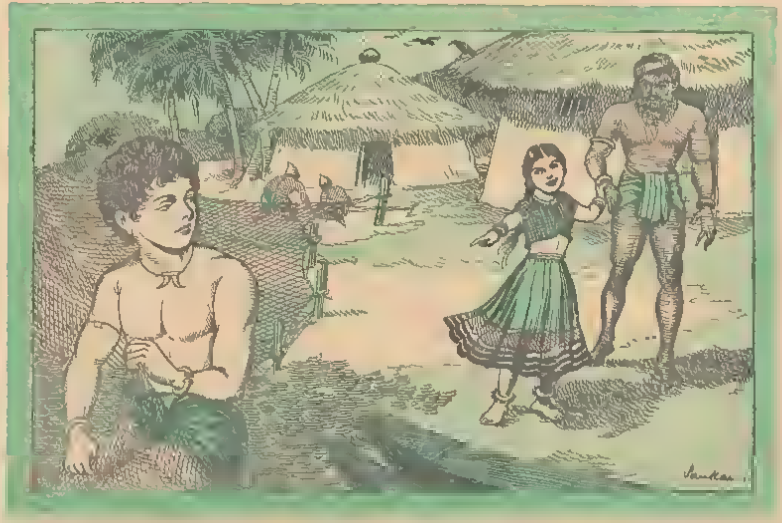
Renuka was very fond of the hoy hecause of his sharp intelligence aod dariog. As a matter of fact every ooe in the village admired Nanda, and some said that he would make an excellent sailor wheo he grew up. But Nanda's mother would at once exclaim, "No, oo! I will never permit my little ooe to hecome a sailor!" She was afraid that she would lose him.

Reouka had a daughter who was somewhat youoger than Nanda. Her oame was Sundari, aod she was a charmiog girl and a pet of the whole village.

Ooe day, Renuka asked his daughter for fun, "Well, my dear, whom will you marry when you grow up?"

At ooce she poioted at Nanda and said, "I shall marry him—nooe else!"

This iocideot had a profound effect on young Nanda. He was food of Suodari like everyone else. But when she said that



she would marry only him, he saw his entire future in a flash. In a few years Sundari would attain marriageable age. Then he would marry her and settle down. He must gain wealth for the sake of Sundari. If he left the village at once and became a sailor, he could come back a rich man in time to marry Sundari. He did not lack the courage, what he wanted was the blessing of the goddess.

He therefore ran to the temple, knelt before the image of the goddess, and prayed: "O Mother, help me to become a master sailor and earn much wealth. I shall build a large temple on the shore so that it shall be visible for many miles on the sea. I shall marry Sundari and both of us will visit you every-day and worship you!"

Then he got up and went to his mother. "O mother," he said, "I've decided to go away and become a sailor. Give me your blessings."

The mother was taken aback and begged her son not to go away. "My son," she said, "you and your brother are like my two eyes. I shall be partly blind without you. Why, you are too young to become a sailor. Moreover, I shall be always worrying what happened to you, and life will become miserable to me. Even if you succeed as a sailor you will not come back, I know it."

"O mother," said Nanda, "I swear to you that I will come back. Why, I vowed to build a temple to the goddess." The mother tried her best to change

his mind hut, at last, consented to his departure.

The goddess seemed to favour him. For, though quite young, Nanda managed to he hired as a sailor on a merchant ship. His smartness helped him to make a good sailor. On several occasions he proved of great service to those merchants who had engaged him. He piloted ships through storms which even veterans would he afraid of facing. On innumerahle occasions he saved men and merchandise from perishing on the waters. For all this he was rewarded with numherless gifts and even a share in the profits.

Eight years Nanda lived as a sailor and amassed wealth, and then he returned home, only to learn that Sundari had already hecome his hrother's wife! All his hopes were shattered. Now that Sundari married his hrother Sunda, the future looked hlank to him. He had heen looking upon Sundari as his wife all these years, and he could not marry some other girl now.

Sundari, on the other hand, had forgotten Nanda long ago. She did not even remember that at one time she had desired to become Nanda's wife, and circumstances conspired to make her Sunda's wife. Four years after Nanda's departure Renuka died, leaving his wife and daughter almost helpless, since there was no other male member in the family. Both of them were reduced to a state of starvation when Sunda, now the best fisherman of the village, came to their rescue. Sundari, who attained

marriageahle age, could not have found a hetter hushand than Sunda even if she wanted.

Nanda learned these facts and refrained from hlaming anyhody. But he still wanted Sundari. If only she would consent, he wanted to take her away to a far off place, make her his wife and live happily. After some hesitation he secretly suggested this to Sundari.

But Sundari revealed it to her mother-in-law.

Nanda's mother was greatly pained hy the state of her son's mind. She got Nanda alone and gave him a sharp sermon. "My hoy," she said, "where did you acquire ideas which are a disgrace to our way of life? Perhaps the life of sailor, which took you to all sorts of places, has ruined your sense of right and wrong. Is not your hrother's wife the same to you as myself? Would you ruin your hrother's life for the sake of your own happiness? Oh, I would have heen much more happy if you did not return at all, than that you should come back changed so! You have

made good, earned wealth. You can thrive anywhere. I become miserable if you stay here and he unhappy. Go away!"

"Yes, mother," Nanda said, his head howed. "I will go away."

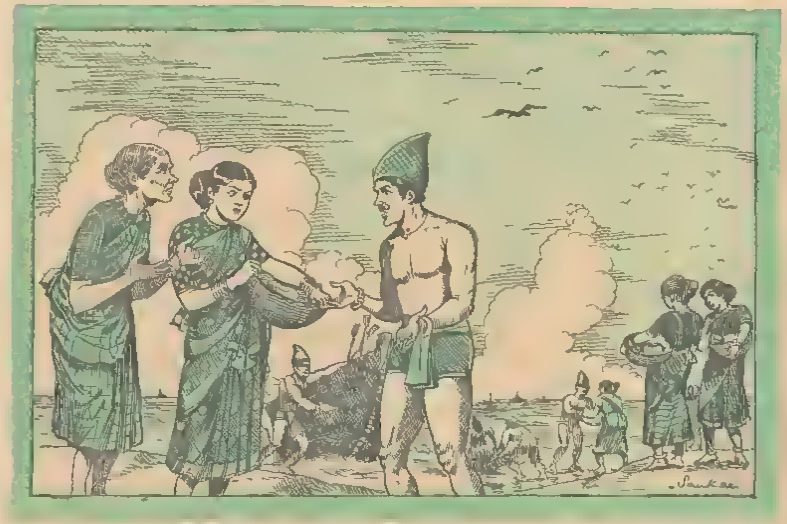
Next morning, Sunda was about to go out fishing when Nanda approached him and said, "Brother, it is long since I went fishing. Today I want to take a hoat and go upon the sea along with you."

The two hrothers took two boats and rowed off.

The fishermen would return by sunset, and the women folk were waiting on the shore with food and water. Among them were Sundari and her mother-in-law.

All the fishermen returned except Nanda. Sunda and a few others went in search of him. After a long time they came upon an upturned hoat which Sunda recognised as the one taken hy his hrother. Of the hrother, however, there was no trace. He had committed suicide.

Having narrated the story, Bethal said, "O King, I am not



ahle to decide as to who was responsihle for the shattering of Nanda's hopes. Was it the goddess whom Nanda put his faith in? Was it Sundari who had raised false hopes in him without fulfilling them later? Or was it Nanda's mother who foiled his attempt to make Sundari his own? If you know the answer and still refuse to speak, your head shall split."

"The goddess was not to hlame," Vikram replied. "If Nanda desired the help of the goddess only to ohtain Sundari for his wife, he would have prayed for that. But Nanda was too sure of Sundari to seek the help of the goddess on that account, and he prayed only for success in amassing wealth. Sundari was not to hlame either. She did not know what she was saying when she said that she would marry Nanda alone Perhaps she would have married him if he had stayed in the village. The mother was equally hlameless. She had advised him not to go away and hecome a sailor. If only he had oheyed her he could have married Sundari without creating a serious situation. As a mother it was her duty to see that hoth of her sons were happy. She could not sacrifice one of them for the sake of the other. Moreover it was her duty to safeguard the honour of the family. I am certain that Nanda's tragedy was caused hy his own amhition."

The King's silence thus hroken, Bethal disappeared with the corpse and went hack to the tree.

THE CLEVER PARROT

THERE was a great merchant in Magadha who traded overseas. Whenever he went abroad he would call his family and ask each one, "What shall I bring for you?"

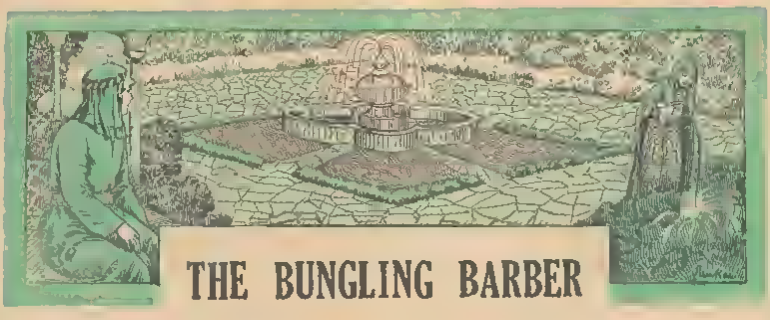
On one occasion he asked all the members of his family and finally asked his pet parrot too, "What shall I bring for you?"

"Do you remember the forest in which you caught me?" the parrot said. "In that forest there is a giant pipal tree. On it you will find numberless parrots like me. Tell them that I am with you and ask them for a message for me. That is all I want from you."

The merchant started on a voyage, traded for a period of six months, and then went to the pipal tree to meet the parrots. He told them what his pet had said. When he asked for the message, one of the parrots became lifeless and fell down and the rest flew off without answering the merchant.

Surprised and disappointed, the merchant came home and told his parrot what had happened.

On hearing the merchant's narration the parrot in the cage had a fit, at the end of which it too fell down lifeless. Shocked at this, the merchant opened the door of the cage. At once the parrot came back to life and flew away through the open cage, leaving the merchant shocked and dumbfounded.



THE BUNGLING BARBER

THERE was in Baghdad a very wealthy man who had a son named Kamar. On his father's death Kamar came into possession of a vast estate which included innumerable slaves. He ate the best of food and wore the best of clothes and spent his time merrily. But, having an aversion for women, he avoided them completely, nor did he ever think of marriage.

One day, Kamar was going through a narrow lane when he saw a group of women come towards him. In order to avoid them he went into a bye-lane, where he saw a seat and sat upon it.

Just then a fascinating young girl came out of the house opposite and began to water the plants in front of her house. One look at her made Kamar shed his aversion to women, and he fell in love with this girl on the instant. She was indeed a very comely maiden with a face as enchanting as the full moon. Even as Kamar wondered whose daughter she was and whether he would be able to make her his wife, the Kazi came along with his retinue and entered the house It was evident that the charming girl was the Kazi's daughter, and Kamar had very little chance of gaining her hand. With a sinking heart Kamar got up and went home.

Kamar looked so depressed that his servants asked him anxiously, " What is wrong? Are you ill? Shall we send for the

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doctor?" and so on. Kamar evaded answering them but his old nurse gussed the truth. She said, "At last you are in love with someone. Tell me who she is and I shall try to make her your wife!"

These words acted like a halm, and Kamar's misery was greatly relieved. He told her how he had happened to see the Kazi's daughter and fell in love with her.

"I know the girl well," said the old nurse. I am sure I can get her consent for marrying you. Be easy in your mind."

But the first attempt of the old nurse failed for, when she moved the suhject of Kamar's infatuation, the Kazi's daughter flew into a rage and said, "I do not know your master. If you raise this suhject again, I will report you to my father and he will put you in jail."

But the old woman waited a couple of days and went to see the girl again when her father was not at home. On seeing the girl she hurst into tears and sohhed loudly.

"What happened?" the girl asked her.

"What else should happen?" the old nurse moaned. "My master is dying! Ah, he was like my own son. It was an evil moment when he set eyes on you; he has taken to his hed and is pining away!"

The girl was touched. "What a strange thing that he should pine away for love!" she said. "I want to talk to him. Let him come to this house next Friday during the hour of prayers, when my father will he

away. I want to know what sort of person he is."

"Ah, my child!" said the old woman, getting up to go. "Thank you for saving my master's life!" Then she took leave of the girl.

Kamar was extremely happy when he heard about the appointment. On Friday he put on his best clothes and got ready to go to the girl he loved, though it was still a couple of hours for the noon prayers.

"Master," said the nurse to Kamar, "you have plenty of time. I advise you to have a shave before you meet the girl. Let me send for a barber."

Presently a barber arrived. "Sir," he said seeing Kamar, "you are pale! There is something the matter with you."

Kamar replied, "I've just recovered from a slight illness."

"A shave on a Friday drives seventy calamities away," said the barber. "Among other things, such a shave is good for the eyes and the body."

"Stop chattering," Kamar said impatiently, "and give me the shave."

But the barber was in no mood to get on with the joh for which he was called. "Though today is very auspicious for a shave," he said, "it lacks a few minutes for the hest conjunction of the planets. Mars is going to join Mercury. But that very conjunction hodes ill for other purposes. If I am not mistaken, sir, you are going to visit someone. But if you are going to meet a new acquaintance, let me warn you, today is not at all auspicious."

"Shut up!" Kamar shouted at the harher. "I did not call you to prophecy things for me. Finish your work and go away."

"Sir," said the harber seriously, "you do not seem to have enough regard for the planets. But they are mighty powerful things. It is a very dangerous conjunction, I warn you, sir!"

"Oh, my God!" Kamar exclaimed in disgust. "I am sure that there is not another harher in the city of Bagdad who is an astrologer too. And I get you!"

"I beg your pardon, sir!" said the harher. "Besides Astrology, I am well-versed in Chemistry,

Mathematics, Structural Engineering and Logic, not to mention my proficiency in Grammar and commenting on the Koran. Then add to the above my ripe age and experience, and you will easily conclude that I am no ordinary harher."

Kamar could stand the barber no more. He took out some money and offered it to the harher, saying, "Take this and go away. I have no desire to he shaved hy you!"

"No, master," said the harher with dignity, "I cannot accept payment without serving your honour. As a matter of fact, if only I can he of service to you, payment is of no consequence. I did great service to your esteemed father. I may say that he never did anything without consulting me."

Kamar was so exasperated that he was ahout to call his servants and ask them to throw the harher out, when the latter applied water to Kamar's heard and hegan to shave him.

Bnt he did not stop chattering. He described all the princes whom he had shaved with his own hands, and the poets and ministers and other great people who had admired his cleverness.

"Master," he said at last, "I see that you are in a hurry. May I know what the occasion is?"

"I am going to dine with a friend," Kamar replied.

"It is not desirahle that your honour should go alone," said the harber. "Permit me to accompany you."

"But others are not permitted where I am going," Kamar said.

"Aha!" said the barber. "I can see how it is! Your friend is a lady! But, sir, you should have a companion like me—a man of experience. I may tell you, these affairs with ladies are perfectly dangerous! I can save you from any danger."

"Shut up, fool!" Kamar shouted at the harber.

By the time the harber finished with Kamar noon prayers already commenced. Kamar sent the harber away, put on his dress and hastened to the house of the Kazi, for he was already late. The Kazi's door was open and Kamar mounted the stairs to the first floor. He hardly reached it when the Kazi returned home

Now, the harber determined to save the young man. So he waited till Kamar left his house, followed him to the Kazi's house, and waited on the hench opposite. He saw the Kazi arrive soon after, and said to himself, "The young master is done for!"

Unfortunately, the Kazi got angry with a female slave immediately on his return, and

gave her a couple of hlows, and she hegan to wail. Then the Kazi thrashed a male slave who took up the female's side.

The harber, who had heen listening to what was going on inside, concluded that the Kazi found out everything and was murdering his own daughter as well as the young man whom he had determined to protect. "Help, help!" he shouted. "The Kazi is murdering my master!"

Soon there was a crowd and everyone was shouting, "What is the matter? Who is dead?"

The Kazi became aware of the huhhuh outside his house. He came out and shouted, "What is all this fuss about?"

The barber pushed to the front and asked the Kazi, "Have you not thrashed the young man who sneaked inside to see your daughter?"

"What young man?" asked the Kazi, puzzled, "and why should he see my daughter? You must be mad!"

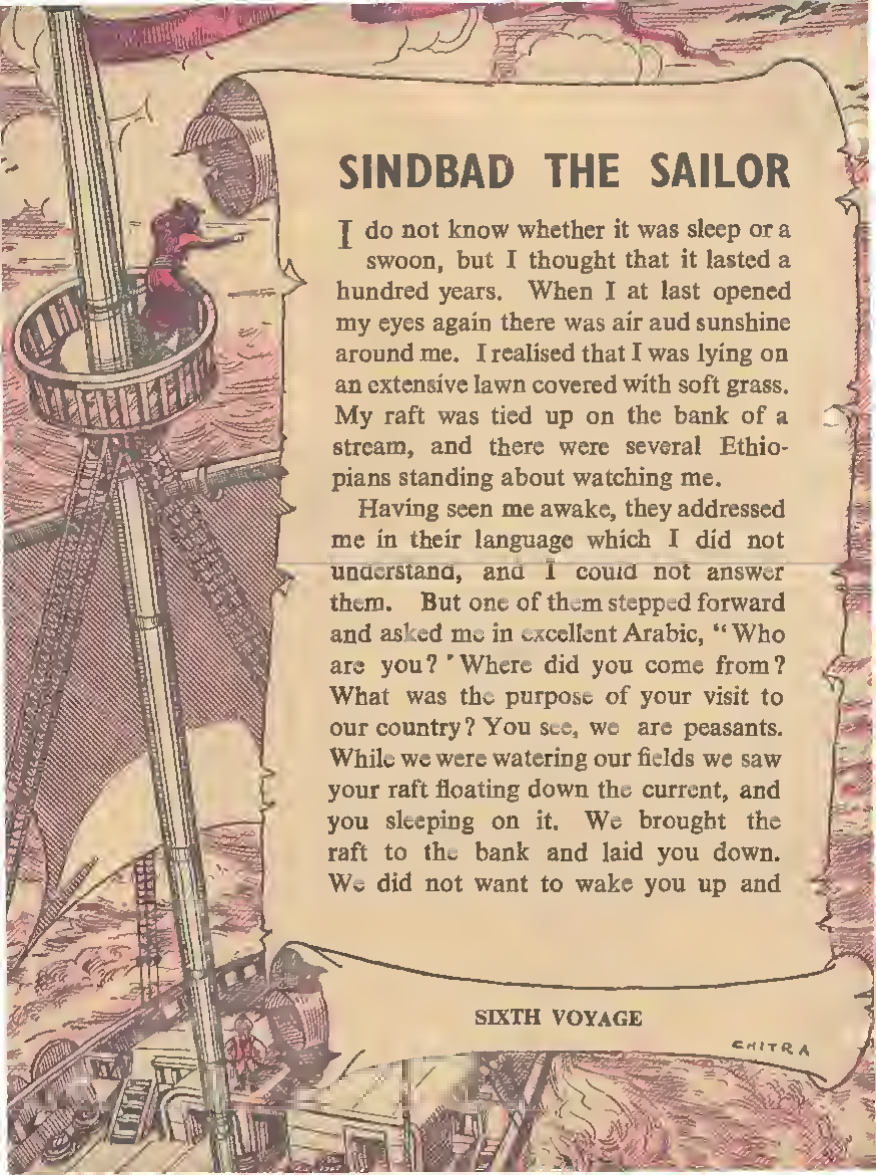
"How can I be mad," the barber asked, "when I saw him with my own eyes enter your house?"

The Kazi did not waste any more time. He ordered his servants to search the entire house. Poor Kamar who had not yet seen the Kazi's daughter found an empty chest in a room and concealed himself in it. The barber got mixed up with those who were searching for Kamar, and he too searched every room. Finally he came to the chest, guessed that Kamar hid in it, heaved the chest on to his back and rushed out of the house. But as he passed through the outer gate, he stumbled across the step and fell down. The chest crashed on the floor and Kamar's leg was broken.

As soon as the crowd noticed Kamar emerge out of the chest they rushed to catch him. With a great presence of mind, Kamar took some gold out of his pocket and flung it away.

Having shaken off the crowd thus, Kamar limped home as best he could, and that very night he left Baghdad for good.

Chandran



SINDBAD THE SAILOR

I do not know whether it was sleep or a swoon, but I thought that it lasted a hundred years. When I at last opened my eyes again there was air aud sunshine around me. I realised that I was lying on an extensive lawn covered with soft grass. My raft was tied up on the bank of a stream, and there were several Ethiopians standing about watching me.

Having seen me awake, they addressed me in their language which I did not understand, and I could not answer them. But one of them stepped forward and asked me in excellent Arabic, "Who are you? Where did you come from? What was the purpose of your visit to our country? You see, we are peasants. While we were watering our fields we saw your raft floating down the current, and you sleeping on it. We brought the raft to the bank and laid you down. We did not want to wake you up and

SIXTH VOYAGE

CHITRA

disturb your sound sleep. Please tell us how you happened to come here."

"Give me some food first," I said. "I shall tell you whatever you want to know."

Those good people gave me food and my hunger was satiated. I got back my strength and told them my story. When they heard my account they began to talk among themselves in surprise. The man who acted as my interpreter also told me what those people said. It appeared they wanted to take me to their King and make me narrate my adventures to him. I gladly agreed to this suggestion. They took me to their King, while some of them carried my raft with all the wealth on it.

The King received me very warmly. At his request I told him my story, not leaving out a single detail. He congratulated me for having come out alive from such dangers. And I opened up my treasures and showed him what profits my adventures had brought me.

The King was amazed at the quantities of precious stones and ambergris that I had brought. It turned out that he was a good judge of diamonds. I made a gift of one gem from each variety, and in his turn he let me remain as his guest in his palace, and treated me with great respect. This enabled me to enjoy not only the friendship of the King but also that of his courtiers.

They asked me several details about Baghdad which was my native city, and also about the

administration of that great city. I gave them an impressive account of our ruler Khalifa Harun al-Rashid.

At last the King said, "I can see that your Khalifa is a great man. I have a desire to cultivate his friendship. I am thinking of sending him suitable gifts. Will you carry them for me?"

"With great pleasure," I answered. "I shall not only carry your gifts to him but also I sball tell him that you are a wise King whose friendship is worth cultivating."

Then the King sent for the gifts which he wanted me to take to the Khalifa. Among them was a jug carved out of a ruby. It was a finger thick and six inches high. It was filled with pearls as large as nuts. Another gift was a carpet made from the skin of an enormous serpent. It had the capacity to heal any sick man who lay down upon it. Another gift was a quantity of two hundred camphor balls. Other gifts included two elephant tusks of enormous size.

Giving me a letter which was to be delivered to the Khalifa, the King said, "You must convey my apologies to your Khalifa for sending him such insignificant gifts. Tell him that I love him with all my heart. But, Sindhad," he added, "why don't you stay with me? I shall find someone else to carry these gifts to the Khalifa."

"O King," I replied, "your generosity overwhelms me. But there is a ship ready to sail for Basrah, and I am anxious to see

my country, my family and children once more. Let me go."

He had no intention of keeping me against my will. So he sent for the captain and the other merchants who were sailing in this ship, put me in their charge, paid my passage in advance, and loaded me with gifts. I have these gifts with me even now.

I took leave of the King as well as the other officials of the court and went ahoard the ship. I reached Basrah without any mishap and finally arrived in Baghdad. On leaving the ship I went to see the Khalifa, paid him my respects and handed him the letter from the King of Ethiopia.

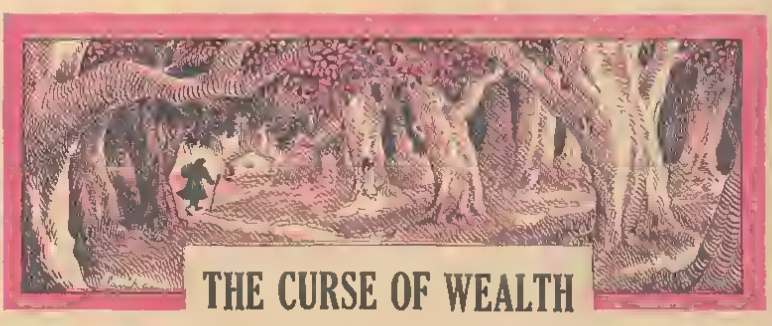
The Khalifa read the letter, examined the gifts I had brought, and asked, "Is he really as rich as he appears to be?"

"Sire," I replied, "he is not only rich hut he is also just and ahle in administration. The people are so happy that I never noticed the slightest rupture hetween the people and the King. Indeed he is worthy of your friendship."

Then the Khalifa presented me with a rohe of honour and rich gifts.

He commanded his scrihes to write down my story and treasure it among his state papers.

I hastened to my house and lived there surrounded hy riches and respect, among my friends and relations, leading a life of ease and luxury.



THE CURSE OF WEALTH

AT one time a part of the Dandaka Forest was called the Kumhhaka Forest. It was believed that a demon called Kumbhaka owned it and that he had an underground castle somewhere within the forest. No one ever saw him, nor was he known to molest any of the forest dwellers. But some of them had unexpected strokes of luck, like finding gold in a hush, or coming upon a sandalwood tree in the midst of ordinary trees, or finding packets of jewellery in the trunks of trees which were felled. In such cases Kumhhaka was credited with the gift of fortune. The forest folk always thought of the demon with affection.

Those who huilt cottages here and there and lived in the forest were always poor. But the forest gave them almost everything they needed, and those who could work hard led a contented life. Now and then they would come upon strangers. Such of the foresters who exchanged a friendly word with these strangers and helped them, had a stroke of good luck sooner or later, and it was surmised that Kumhhaka himself had met the forester in the shape of a stranger.

One of those who lived in this forest was called Kardama. He was living in a cottage with his wife Revati and his year-old son Gopal. Kardama was about twenty-five years old, and a man of great strength. He would spend all the day in the thick of the forest cutting firewood or

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sawing timher, which got him a decent income. As for food stuffs, the forest was full of them. He was very fond of his wife and child, and, everyday, on his way home, he would collect a hunch of fragrant wild flowers or fresh lotuses, and some fruit for them.

One evening, Revati was engaged in preparing the evening meal. She gazed at the flames under the pot and fell into a reverie. "We are quite happy, it is true," she thought. "But I hate that my man should toil from dawn to dusk. Particularly during this winter, it hreaks my heart to see him come home tired, hungry and shivering! If only we had enough money! If only these golden emhers would hecome real gold."

Her train of thought was disturhed hy a loud rap on the door. It was not yet time for her hushand to return, hut she opened the door all the same.

There was an old man outside. He had a sack on his hack and

it appeared to he heavy. Revati noticed that the old man was shivering for the cold, and said, "Who are you, grandad? Step inside!"

"Ah, nohle lady," said the old man. "Let me hut sit near your fire for a few minutes, and I shall be on my way again. My old hones are freezing with the cold."

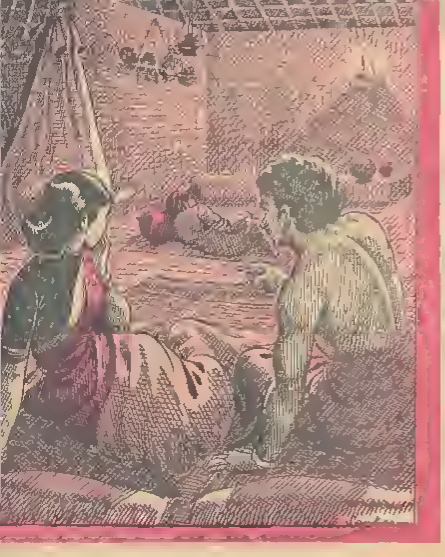
Revati let the old man sit near the stove. She then took out some vegetables and hegan to prepare food for the guest too.

After a time the old man said, "How are things with you, madam? Are you quite happy?"

"Why not, grandad?" Revati replied. "The forest provides us with everything we need."

Soon Revati finished her cooking. She thought it was time her hushand returned and wondered what made him tarry in the forest.

"Why is it that Kardama is not home yet?" said the old man, as though he listened to



her thoughts. "Does he always come so late?"

Revati started, and said, "Do you know him, grandad?"

"Why not, my child?" the old man replied with a smile. "I know everyone that lives in this forest. I must have passed hy your cottage dozens of times."

Presently Kardama came home. He saw the old man but did not appear to recognize him, nor was he surprised.

"I see that we have a guest," he said to his wife. "Let us eat, I am frightfully hungry."

After the meal the old man said to Revati, "My child, I thank you for the nice meal you have given me. Let me bid you good-hye now."

"Where will you go in this freezing cold?" Kardama said to the guest. "Sleep here for the night. You can go away in the morning."

"Yes, grandad," Revati put in. "I shall give you a mat and a rug. You can sleep hy the stove."

The old man was easily enough pursuaded to stay. He lay himself down in the corner near the stove and went to sleep. Soon the cottage was filled with his loud snoring. Kardama, Revati and the haby slept together in another corner.

Revati felt that her husband was laughing to himself in the dark, and asked him why he was laughing.

"Look at this Kumbhaka," he whispered. "He has a marvellous fort in the nether regions, and all imaginahle luxuries and servants. What makes him eat

our poor fare and sleep in our miserable cottage, by the side of our stove, covering himself with a rough blanket?"

"You mean the demon Kumbhaka?" Revati asked in terror. "Had I known that I would not have let him in!"

"On the contrary," Kardama said, "you did very wisely in receiving him as a guest. For he is really a good fellow. He does immense good to those who are nice to him. He might have done us some mischief if you had turned him out. Since you have given him food, there is nothing to fear from him."

But Revati could not get the old man out of her mind until she fell asleep.

After a time she opened her eyes and noticed that the morning was far advanced. Though Kardama was always in the habit of going out before dawn, she found him still sleeping. She woke him up, saying, "See how late it is! The old fellow must have gone away without bidding us good-bye."

"But he has left his sack behind," Kardama said. "Perhaps he left something in it for us. Shall we see what it contains?" He pulled the sack into the middle and opened it.

Revati's eyes dazzled at the sight of thousands of gold coins of which the sack was full.

"Didn't I tell you?" Kardama said. "He was Kumbhaka all right! Who else has so much gold? But it will not be safe for us if anyone comes to know that we have all this gold. Let us keep a hundred coins for our

use and hury the rest under the tree in our yard."

Both of them carried the sack to the tree in front of their house, and huried it there. That day, instead of going into the forest, Kardama took the gold and went to the city to make purchases.

Revati was very happy. Her man need not slave any more. There was enough gold to last for ever. If he did not return home in time, she used to he agitated that he might have heen hitten hy a poisonous snake, or that a tree had fallen and crushed him; now all that was past. For he need never leave the house, he could talk to her all the day and play with the child.

She went on imagining all sorts of nice things. They would build a much higger house, with plenty of timher, and have a fine garden. The child could have the hest of toys and clothes.

She was still dreaming of nice things when Kardama returned, driving a cart which was full of things he had purchased in the city. She was thrilled when she saw the things he had hought.

"I bought the cart," Kardama told his wife. "We need it for making trips to the city. It is too far to walk."

Revati guessed that her husband had had some liquor in the city.

"How much of the gold is left?" she asked him. "Or have you spent it all?"

"What if I spent all of it?" Kardama said light-heartedly. "We have ever so much more buried under the tree."

"That does not mean that we should squander it away in a reckless manner," Revati protested.

"What is it to you what I do with the gold?" Kardama shouted angrily at his wife. "I shall spend the entire lot today, if it pleases me. Take that for your impudence!"

Saying this Kardama hit his wife. Poor Revati was shocked at the change in her husband who had never uttered a harsh word to her. She thought that it was her mistake that she should try to teach him.

From then on, everyday, Kardama would dig up some of the gold buried under the tree, and

drive to the city in his cart. He spent all the gold on purchases, got himself dead drunk, and came home.

Soon there were so many things bought that the cottage could not hold them. They were left scattered around the house, exposed to shine and rain. If Revati tried to protest, Kardama gave her a good thrashing.

With the coming of prosperity Revati noticed a decline in her happiness. Now, Kardama had no more affection for her or the child. His mind was occupied only with the gold and drink. He behaved as though he was anxious to spend away all the gold in the shortest possible time; he bought such high-priced but useless things.

"We were once really happy," Revati thought. She felt that there would soon be no gold left unless she took some steps to save it.

"You have no right over this gold," she said to her husband one day. "It is mine—all mine! The demon left it only for me! You spend so much everyday, but I cannot get one single thing which I really want."

"Tell me your requirements," Kardama said to her. "You don't know how to handle gold."

"I want a bigger and better house!" Revati said.

At once Kardama got masons and workmen from the city and started building an enormously large mansion. Revati knew after a time that this mansion would never be finished and that the gold would be exhausted long before that.

One day, when Kardama was gone out, she called one of the workmen aside and asked him to dig under the tree. He dug and dug until the sack was found. But there were very few gold coins left in it.

"Is this all that is left?" Revati said, shaking the sack. Well, she had known all along that something like this would happen, and it did happen.

But that very day another thing happened, compared to which the depletion of gold was a minor evil. The King's men came asking for Kardama who was dead drunk at the moment.

"It appears that you found a buried treasure," they said. "Why did you not inform the King at once? We have orders to arrest you and take you away."

"Would you arrest me, scoundrels?" Kardama shouted and, picking up his axe, attacked the King's men. They drew their swords and pierced Kardama to his heart. Revati saw her husband fall, uttered a piercing shriek, and fell down in a dead faint.

In that condition she became conscious and was aware of someone calling her by name, and opened her eyes.

"Revati, Revati?" It was her own husband. It was still dark, but dawn was visible in the east. She saw the old man still sleeping by the stove. There was no trace of the king's men.

"Why, you are sobbing!" Kardama exclaimed. "Have you had a nightmare?" Then he smiled.

Everything was as usual, including her own dear husband.

Revati felt a sense of happiness surge over her.

"Yes," she said, drying her eyes. "I had a frightful dream!"

The old man too awoke.

"The sun is going to rise," Kardama said. "I must be on my way. Give me some gruel."

"Let me also bid you goodbye, my daughter," the old man said.

"Have a little gruel before you go, grandad. There is no knowing when you will he eating again," Revati said.

"Thank you, child," the old man replied. "But I must he going now."

"You have forgotten your sack, old one!" Kardama shouted after the departing guest.

"Oh, it is too heavy," the old man replied. "Anyway I don't need it. See if you can find anything useful in it."

"What did I tell you?" Kardama said, turning to his wife and smiling. "It is his gift for you!"

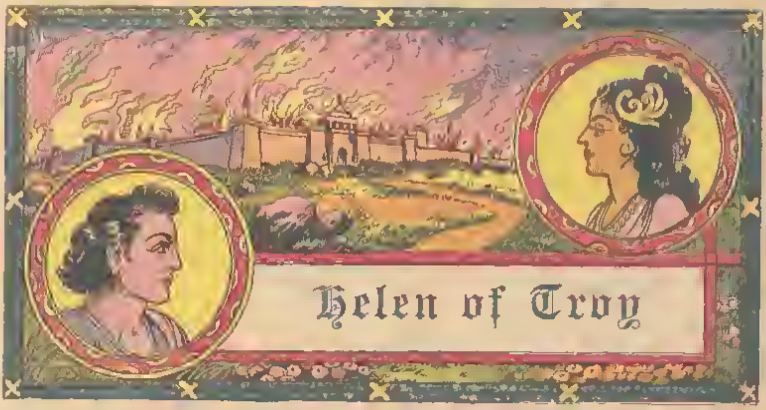
"No!" Revati screamed, "I don't want any gift. Let him take it away."

"God! How heavy it is!" Kardama said, lifting up the sack from the corner. "Maybe, it is gold!"

"No, no!" Revati shouted in agony. "We are quite well off as it is. For heaven's sake, run and hand it over to the old man."

"As you wish!" Kardama replied as he went out with the sack.

Revati heaved a sigh of relief. She had already known what a curse wealth could be.



9

[The war between the Greeks and the Trojans was in its last phase. On both sides the best of the warriors had fallen. Odysseus made a plan to capture Troy. The first step in the plan was to make a huge wooden horse. Some of the bravest Greeks hid themselves in the belly of the horse. Leaving the horse and their spy, Sinon, the rest of the Greeks pretended to sail away. The Trojans hauled the horse into their city and celebrated victory.]

WHILE the Trojans were merry-making, the Greeks who were inside the horse were trembling for terror. Epeius wept silently. Only Neoptolemus was unperturbed. Even when the point of Laocoon's spear broke through the wooden horse close to his head, he did not betray any emotion. He clutched his lance and sword menacingly and nudged Odysseus from time to time, indicating that he should order the assault. For it was Odysseus that was in command of this expedition.

In the evening Helen, accompanied by her husband Deiphobus, came to see the horse. She went around the horse, patting its flanks. As if to amuse Deiphobus, she teased the Greeks inside the horse by imitating the voice of each of their wives in turn, and calling them by their names. When they heard her call their names, both Menelaus and Diomedes, who were sitting next to Odysseus, were tempted to leap out. But Odysseus restrained them. He clapped his hand over the mouth of Anticlus when he was on the point of answering

It was now night. Exhausted with feasting and revelry, the Trojans slept soundly. Not even the bark of a dog broke the stillness. Helen alone lay awake. A bright round light blazed above her chamber as a signal to the Greeks.

At midnight, just as the moon was about to rise, Sinon slipped out of the city to light a beacon on the tomb of Achilles. At the same moment, Antenor waved a

torch as a signal for the return of the Greek vessels, which were waiting on the sea.

Agamemnon answered these signals by lighting pine-wood chips on the deck of his ship, and the whole fleet drove shoreward.

Antenor saw Agamemnon's answer to his signal, cautiously approached the wooden horse, and reported in a low voice that all was well. Odysseus ordered Epeius to open the trap-door.

One of the Greeks leaped out before the rope-ladder was lowered, and broke his neck. The rest descended by the rope-ladder. Some ran to open the gates for the Greeks who had landed, others fell upon the drowsy sentries guarding the palace, and killed them. Menelaus could think of only Helen, and ran towards her house.

Then the terror started. The Greeks poured silently through the moonlit streets, broke into houses, and cut the throats of

sleeping Trojans. Odysseus never kept the promise he had given to Helen and Hecabe that all those who were unarmed would he spared.

Priam, Hecahe and their daughters took refuge heneath a laurel tree at the altar raised to Zeus. Priam wanted to rush into the thick of the fight, but Hecabe restrained him, saying, "You are too old and feehle for hattle. Remain among us in this safe place."

Priam yielded to her, but soon the Greeks came tbere pursuing his son Polites, and killed him, Neoptolemus delivering the deatb hlow. Priam hurled a spear at Neoptolemus, hut missed him. The Greeks seized him and dragged bim to his own palace and hutchered him at the threshold.

When Menelaus went to Deiphohus' house, Odysseus, too, went with him. There ensued a hloody comhat hetween Menelaus and Deiphohus whicb ended when Helen plunged a

dagger into the back of Deiphohus, and killed bim,

Menelaus had all along decided that Holen should die. But, now that she had killed Deiphohus with her own hand, and seeing her uncommon heauty, he changed bis mind. He threw his sword away, took Helen by ber hand and went towards his ships.

Though a Trojan, Antenor had helped the Greeks to sack Troy. Some of tbe Greek soldiers forgot this and wounded

one of his sons, intending to kill him, when Odysseus came upon the spot and saved him. Then he ordered that a leopard's skin should he placed on the door of Antenor's house, so that the Greeks could know that the house and its inmates were to he spared. Similarly, the house of Aeneas too was marked and spared from pillage.

As soon as the Greeks started plundering Troy, Cassandra, the eldest daughter of Priam, fled to Athene's temple from which the Palladium had been stolen. There Little Ajax found her and dragged her away. Along with other Trojan women whom the Greeks seized, she was destined for concuhinage. Agamemnon claimed her as his prize.

After the massacre, the Greeks plundered and hurned Troy, razed the walls, offered sacrifices to their gods, and divided the spoils.

Hector's widow Andromache hecame the prize of Neoptolemus. Her infant son Astyanax was put to death hy the common consent of the Greeks, on the advice of Odysseus who suggested that Priam's descendants should he systematically put to death.

There was a dehate regarding the fate of Polyxena whom Achilles had loved. Achilles had wished that, after the fall of Troy, Polyxena should he sacrificed on his tomh. Recently he had appeared in dreams to some of the

Greeks, and threatened that he would prevent the departure of the Greek fleet if his last wish was not fulfilled.

Calchas declared that Polyxena should not be denied to Achilles, hut Agamemnon ohjected to the sacrifice of that girl. "Enough blood has already heen shed," he said. "Dead men should not exercise any rights over live women."

Some of the Greeks did not agree with Agamemnon. They said that Agamemnon was holding this view only in order to please Cassandra, Polyxena's sister, who hecame his concuhine. The debate deteriorated into a quarrel, and Odysseus had to intervene and persuade Agamemnon to give way.

The Council at last decided upon Polyxenas' sacrifice. Odysseus was instructed to fetch her. Neoptolemus was invited to officiate as a priest. Polyxena was sscrificed on Achilles' tomh, in the sight of the whole army.

The Greeks gave her an honourahle hurial.

As soon as Polyxena was huried favourahle winds sprang up, and the Greeks concluded that the spirit of Achilles was satisfied and sent the winds to aid them on their return journey. Without any delay they got into their ships and set sail.

Hecahe, wife of Priam, was won by Odysseus as his prize. But she hegan to utter hideous invectives against Odysseus and

the other Greeks, for their barbarity and breach of faith, and the Greeks put her to death and threw her in the sea.

On their way back the Greek warriors went each his own way. Some of them never reached their homes.

When they were about to leave the Trojan shore Agamemnon and Menelaus fell out with each other. Menelaus suggested that they should sail at once while the wind was favourable. "Let us first sacrifice to Athene," Agamemnon replied. "What did she do to us?" Menelaus asked. "She favoured the Trojans all the time." The brothers parted on ill terms and never saw each other again.

Agamemnon, Neoptolemus and Nestor were among the few who reached home without any mishap. Menelaus, on the contrary, was caught in a storm and lost most of his vessels, reached Egypt and failed to go home for eight years. By the time he did reach home, Agamemnon had already been murdered.

Odysseus, who played a prominent part towards the end of the Trojan war by planning the sack of Troy with the help of the wooden horse, did not reach home until after ten years. His wanderings constitute another marvellous tale.

Thus fell Troy, one of the great cities of the world before the Greeks destroyed it. Later it never regained its glory, though the descendants of Aeneas ruled it for some time.

THE END

THE RIVAL GIFT

ONCE there was a King who had a peasant for a friend in a certain village. Whenever the King went a h u n t i n g he would stay with this peasant for a day and eat his excellent radishes.

One day, the peasant had to go to the capital on some business. His wife handed him a bundle of radishes, and said, "Give them to the King. He is very fond of them, and will be pleased."

"How simple you are!" said the peasant to his wife. "He will laugh at such a gift. I won't give it."

"I am sure," said the woman, "that he will not fail to eat them. Gift or no gift, give them to the King and he will be pleased."

In order to please his wife the peasant took the bundle of radishes and started on his way. All along the way he kept taking the radishes out of the bundle, and eating them, and by the time he reached the capital only one big radish remained.

"I shall give this to the King," he thought. "It is an uncommonly big radish. I don't think the King has ever seen a radish this big."

He went up to the Court Hall and peeped in. The Court was in session and the peasant waited for the King to come out.

Presently the Court rose and the King came out. He saw his old friend the p e a s a n t, and accosted him with pleasure.

"I brought this for your highness," said the peasant, offering the radish to the King.

T. N. SUKLA

"It is very nice of you to have brought it, my friend," said the King. He ordered one of his servants to take the radish and have it placed in the store house. He also ordered that the servant should take a thousand gold pieces from the Treasurer and give them to the peasant. Then he turned to the peasant and said, "My friend, come and dine with me."

In no time news spread among the courtiers that an insignificant peasant had made a gift of a common radish and obtained in return a gift of a thousand gold pieces, besides dining with the King.

One of the courtiers thought, "If the King is so generous, why should I not he benefited by him?"

He purchased a pedigree horse, took it to the King, and offered it to him; saying, "May your majesty he pleased to accept this humble gift from your humhle servant!" He was sure that the King would certainly recompense him for this noble gift.

The King, however, saw through him. He turned to his servant and whispered to him, "Go to the store and hring the radish which I ordered to he placed there yesterday."

The servant went and returned with the radish. The King took it and offered it to the courtier, saying, "This radish is worth a thousand pieces of gold, and I offer it to you in exchange for your horse!"

The courtier howed and went away, cursing his ill luck.

Losing Friends

THEN Sanjivaka the Bull began to narrate as follows:

Once a certain lion ruled over a certain forest. One day, a camel belonging to a caravan strayed, lost his way and sought the protection of the lion.

Some time later, the lion happened to get lamed in a fight with a mighty elephant, and could not go out and hunt any more. So he sent his attendants in search of food.

They returned and reported, "Sire, there is not a morsel of meat available in the entire forest. Since you cannot hunt you will be forced to starve. But if you kill the camel we will have plenty of food."

"Oh, no!" protested the lion. "I can't kill him to whom I have given asylum. Find some other way of obtaining food."

Then the clever crow and the cleverer jackal offered themselves as food to their King. "Sire, it is our duty to save your life! Eat me!" said the jackal. "Sire, we are brothers, and should not eat each other. But I pray that you should eat me and stop your hunger!" said the tiger. "No, no! I shall be eaten by his majesty!" insisted the crow.

Thinking that it would be proper that he too should make a similar offer, the foolish camel said, "Please eat me!"

The words were hardly out of his mouth before the others fell upon him and killed him.

"So," said Sanjivaka the Bull, "you can see how crooks can

please their master and gain his favours. Similarly, some crook has poisoned our lord against me with false reports. How can I continue to stay here?"

"Then, why don't you leave these parts and go away?" Damanaka asked.

"Will I be safe hy running away?" Sanjivaka asked in turn. "When you have a mighty foe you can no longer have peace, even in sleep."

"You cannot conquer this King of ours," said Damanaka. "It is a rule that one should cultivate friendship or enmity with one's own equals. See how the mighty ocean suffered hy trying to show his strength against the plovers."

"What is that story, my friend?" Sanjivaka asked.

On the seashore (said Damanaka) there lived a plover and his wife. When the wife was ready to lay her eggs she suggested to her hushand that they should go away from the shore. But the plover replied that he would not he afraid of the ocean and there was no need to go away.

"We are capahle of penetrating the sky. Why should we fear the ocean?" he hoasted.

The ocean got angry on hearing the hoast, sent its waves far and and high, lifted the plover's nest and drew it in.

"What have you done?" the wife wailed. "Did I not tell you to heware of the ocean? Those who do not listen to good advice will come to grief."

Then the couple prayed to Garuda, the King of Birds, and

he came. Having learnt what the ocean did, he attacked the ocean, defeated it and brought back the nest with the eggs.

"So, my dear Sanjivaka," Damanaka concluded, "be on your guard but avoid conflict."

"But," said Sanjivaka, "I want to ascertain the fact that the King really intends to destroy me."

"That can be very easily ascertained," Damanaka said. "You will notice that the King will be looking daggers at you. But do not reveal this to anyone."

Then Damanaka took leave of Sanjivaka and returned to his friend Karataka, and said, "Well, my friend, I have estranged them effectively. Their friendship is now a thing of the past."

"Ah, my friend," Karataka said, "it is not right to make a rift between friends. It is an evil thing to do. It is much more difficult to patch up a difference than to bring about a quarrel."

"My friend, you speak out of context," Damanaka replied.

"An enemy must always be destroyed. This fellow who deprived us of our ministerial posts is our deadly enemy. How can you say that destroying him is wrong? Don't you know of the anecdote of Chaturaka the Fox?"

"No," Karataka said. "Tell me about the anecdote."

Said Damanaka:

Vajra-damshtra the Lion was King of a certain forest. There were a fox and a wolf who were his ministers, and they were called Chaturaka and Kravya-mukha respectively.

One day, the King went out to hunt, killed a camel who had just given birth to a hahy, and hrought home the bahy. Soon the hahy camel hecame the King's pet, and the two ministers befriended him.

But after a time the lion got disahled in a fight with an elephant and could hunt no more. So the ministers killed the pet and offered him to the lion.

"Good," said the lion. "I shall have a dip and come hack, when we can have our meal."

As soon as the lion was gone, the fox turned to the wolf and said, "You seem to be famished. There is no need for you to wait. Start eating if you want."

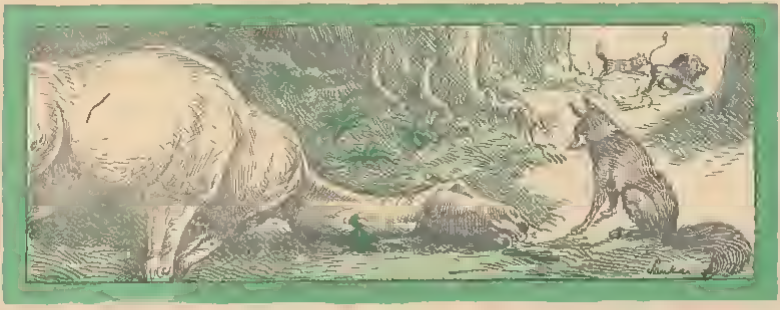
The wolf helieved the fox and helped himself to a morsel or two. Soon the lion arrived, saw the carcass and asked in anger, "Who has heen touching my meat?" The fox indicated the wolf, and the wolf knew that he was in for trouhle, and bolted away.

Just then a caravan was heard approaching along the path nearhy. The hells of the camels made a rhythmic sound.

The shrewd fox said to the Lion, "Sire, there comes Death mounted on his Buffalo. No doubt he wants to punish you for killing the poor camel whom you have reared."

"Do you think so?" said the lion in horror.

Then he ran away as hest he could, leaving the fox with all the meat, which the clever fox consumed at leisure and to his heart's content.



WOLF COMES TO A BAD END

WOLF hore a grudge against Rahbit ever since he failed in his attempt to dupe him into the hands of Fox. So he wanted to settle his score not only with the wily Rahhit hut also his hrood of children.

He haunted the vicinity of Rahhit's house and never let slip an opportunity of making away with one or other of Rahhit's children. Seeing this happen a couple of times, Rahhit entirely lost his peace of mind.

He proceeded to fortify his house with stronger doors and hetter holts, and Wolf found it not at all easy to slip into the house as hefore. Rahhit also made some hoxes for his children to hide in in case of danger, and provided the hoxs with locks.

Now Wolf had to think up other ways of avenging himself on this Rabhit, and the prohlem greatly occupied his mind.

At last Wolf hit upon a plan. At once he ran to the house of Rahhit and knocked on the door as though he were in a hurry.

"Who is it?" Rahhit inquired from within.

"It is I, hrother! Wolf!" said Wolf. "Open the door at once! The hounds are after me! Please save me from them!" There was great anxiety and fear in his voice.

Rahhit sent his children into another room and opened the door. He saw Wolf panting and covered with dust.

Rabhit opened a chest which was near the door, and said,

S. KRISHNA RAO

"Get into this chest, brother. You can come out when the hounds are gone."

Wolf thought that his plan worked, and gladly went into the chest. Rabbit closed the chest and locked it. Then he called his children in so that they could enjoy the fun.

Soon Wolf asked from inside the chest, "Have the hounds passed, brother?"

"I can still see one of them sniffing at the door," Rabbit replied, gesturing to the children that they should not laugh.

Wolf was aware of Rabbit moving across the room several times, and asked, "What are you doing, brother?"

"I am making fire," Rabbit replied.

"Why, brother?" Wolf asked.

"To prepare some tea for you!" Rabbit replied.

A little later Wolf asked, "What is that noise, brother?" Rabbit replied that it was the water boiling.

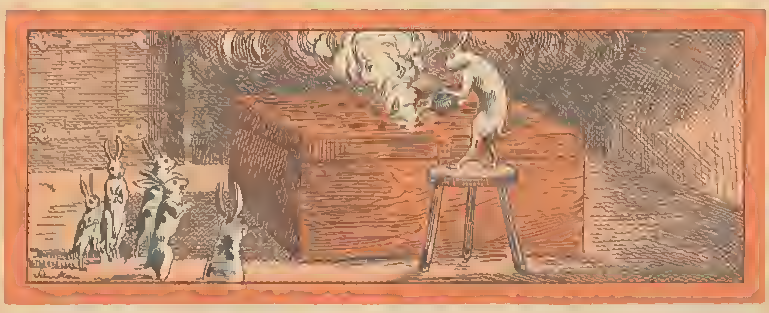
"What are you doing to the chest, brother?" Wolf asked anxiously.

"Oh, I am boring holes so that you can breathe better!" Rabbit replied.

After a while Wolf uttered a cry of pain and said, "Something is stinging me, brother."

"It must be the fleas," Rabbit replied. "Turn over."

Wolf turned over, but it was no use. Rabbit began to pour boiling water through the holes which he had made in the lid of the chest, and Wolf suffered terribly for some time and died.



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★ The captions should reach us before 5th of August '57.

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★ Please write legibly or type the captions on a postcard and address it to: "Chandamama Photo Caption Competition," Madras-26.

RESULTS FOR AUGUST

I. *Photo:* Lend me your ear

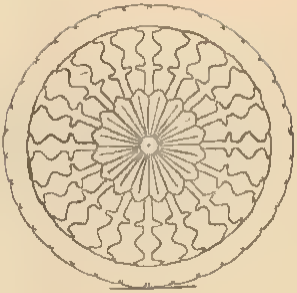
II. *Photo:* My plan you will hear

Contributed by.

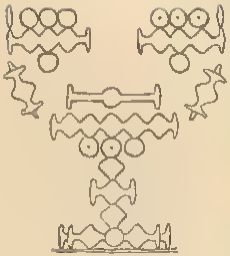
Anand Kumar, P. O. Bikramganj (A. S. L. Rly)
Dist. Shahabad—(Bihar)

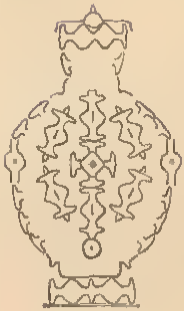
AWARD Rs. 10

WHEEL



CUP





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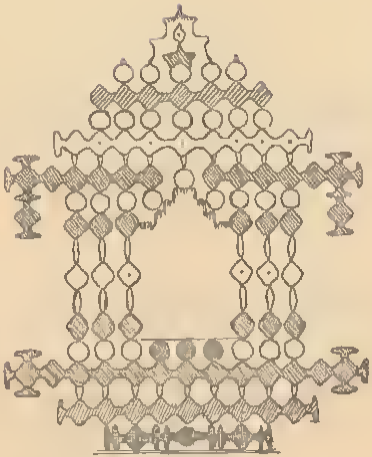


CHARIOT

—R. Venkata Lakshmi

BIRDS

ALL those that fly are not birds. Some creatures can fly though they are not true birds. They have backbones. True birds do not have them; they are invertebrates. But among the flying creatures true birds largely outnumber those who have backbones. Bats are not true birds.

We must also note that some true birds cannot fly. Such birds had existed long before the appearance of man on earth. Ostrich is a bird which cannot fly.

With such exceptions all birds can fly to some extent. Some may fly only a little distance, while others fly far; some may fly faster than others. The Robin can fly at a speed of about 30 miles an hour and the Chimney Swift attains a speed of over 60 miles!

We know that wings enable birds to fly. The wings of birds have strong muscles. These muscles are fastened to the keel, a projection on the breastbone. While flying the bird beats the air and propels itself forward.

Size for size birds are lighter than animals. One reason for this is that the bird's bones are hollow and filled with air. Besides, the bird's body contains innumerable air sacks which are connected to the lungs. For these two reasons a bird is lighter than an

animal of its own size. Being light helps the bird to fly easily, and the bodies of birds are streamlined—another fact which helps them to fly in comfort.

Bodies of birds are covered with feathers. These feathers cover the bird's body. The feathers are slightly oily and can keep rain off the bird's body.

Feathers serve another purpose. Birds are warm blooded creatures, and the heat of their bodies should be preserved. Feathers help the birds to preserve their heat.

All birds come out of eggs. The shell of a bird's egg is hard. The size of the egg varies from one kind of bird to another. While the egg of an ostrich is 6 inches long, that of sparrow is only as big as a pea.

Birds lay their eggs in nests. Each kind of bird builds a different type of nest. Some of the nests are very cleverly made. But birds do not learn the art of making nests, they inherit the capacity as they inherit the colours of their feathers. An experienced man can see a nest and tell which bird has built it. Though generally birds build their nests in trees, some birds build them in human dwellings and other places.

Warmth is required to hatch the eggs. To supply this warmth the mother bird sits on her eggs. Though in most cases this work

is done by the mother, there are instances where the father takes turns and relieves the mother.

As a rule the male bird is more colourful and attractive than the female. Perhaps it is a provision of nature. For the less colourful female attracts the enemy less while she sits over the eggs in the nest. If the more colourful male were to sit over the eggs, the danger from enemies would be greater.

Probably for the same reason baby birds, both male and female, are colourless until they grow up, the male bird acquiring the colours when he can take care of himself.

There are about 14,000 kinds of birds in all. Scientists have divided them into more than 20 orders. One of these orders is called "the perching birds." Most of the singing birds like the cuckoo, the nightingale and others belong to this order.

Birds vary greatly in the weight of their bodies. The smallest bird, the tiny humming bird, weighs less than a penny while the ostrich may weigh 300 pounds.

Such differences can be noticed in the legs, beaks, feathers, and other parts of the birds. These vary according to the food of the bird and the nature of the place where it is found. That is why some birds have long beaks while others have short ones. Some have very long legs and some others short, while some have webbed feet. Some birds have sharp claws. In each case the limb is best suited to get at the food which the bird lives upon.

NEWS ITEMS

The Emperor of Ethiopia sent two lion cubs by plane as presents to Prime Minister Nehru. The cubs were four months old.

* * *

Sugar production in India in 1956-57 totalled 20.5 lakh tons. This is said to be a record figure since 1947.

* * *

There is life on Mars, though it may be unlike life on earth. This fact was admitted by the International Committee for the planet Mars in which astronomers of 12 nations are grouped. The Committee examined nearly 100,000 photographs of Mars before arriving at the above conclusion.

* * *

Chinese mountaineers have reached the summit of Minya Conka, 24,900 foot-high Peak near the Tibetan frontier.

* * *

The end of June and beginning of July were marked by intense solar activity. On June 24 an observatory in Northern Japan

observed the biggest cluster of sunspots for six years. The clusters were 16 and 20 times the diameter of the earth. Later two gigantic eruptions were noticed in the sun, one of them rising into space to a height of 14,000 miles.

* * *

Soviet Russia offered to train young Japanese actors and ballet dancers in Moscow. The offer was accepted by the Japanese Government.

* * *

A Stone Age camping site believed to be one of the richest of its Kind in the world, was discovered in Pretoria. In a trial exacavation a single trench revealed 5,000 stone tools.

* * *

Mass death of fish in the Arabian sea, amounting to many million tons and probably equal to the entire world's catch in a year, was reported by a Russian ship. It was said that over an area of 77,000 square miles there were about 10 dead fish to the square yard.

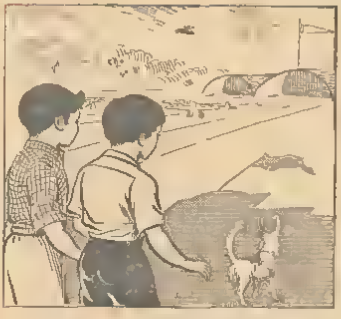
* * *

The Indian film, "Kabuliwala", won a special prize—Silver Berlin Bear—in the Berlin Film Festival. Ravi Shankar who gave music for it also got an award

* * *

An American Air Force research scientist discovered that there is atomic oxygen 60 or 70 miles above the earth. It is expected to be a new source of energy.

Picture Story



ONE day Dass and Vass went to see the aerodrome accompanied by "Tiger." A plane arrived and the passengers came out of it. One of the passengers slipped one chappal off his foot, and "Tiger" snatched it and ran away, while the passenger yelled at him. One of the officials rescued the chappal from "Tiger," but what was his surprise when he felt that the chappal was heavy and, examining it closely, he found gold hidden in it! The passenger was taken into custody and "Tiger"—O boy!— got all the praise.

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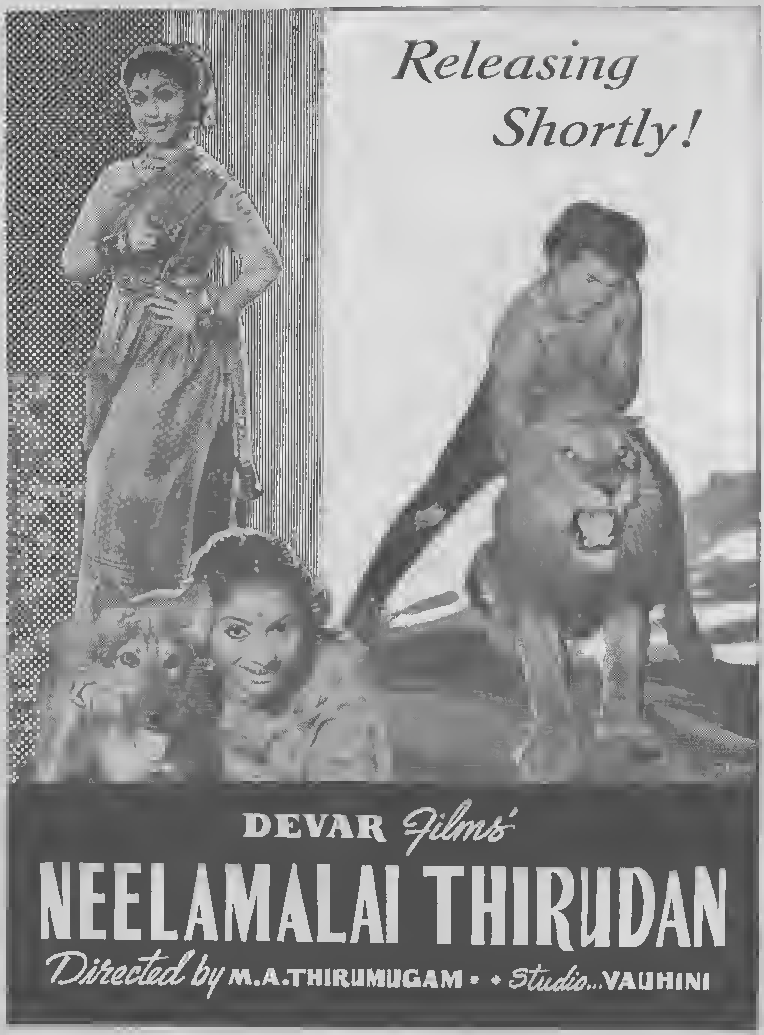
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